The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

An Arcadian Festival	*Florence McMahon Painter*, '97 *Margaret Young Henry* *Mary Elizabeth Haskell*, '97	463
Address of Welcome	*Mary Williams Dewson*, '97	474
Class Song—1900	*Mary Geraldine Gordon*, 1900	475
Oration	*Alice Elizabeth Harding*, 1900	475
Presentation of Spade	*Mary B. Gilson*, '99	477
Reception of Spade	*Mary Geraldine Gordon*, 1900	480
Editorials		482
Books Received		485
Book Reviews		485
Exchanges		487
College Notes		489
Tree Day		491
Float		494
Commencement Week		495
Commencement Day		500
Society Notes		502
Alumnæ Notes		503
Marriages		507
Births		508
Deaths		508

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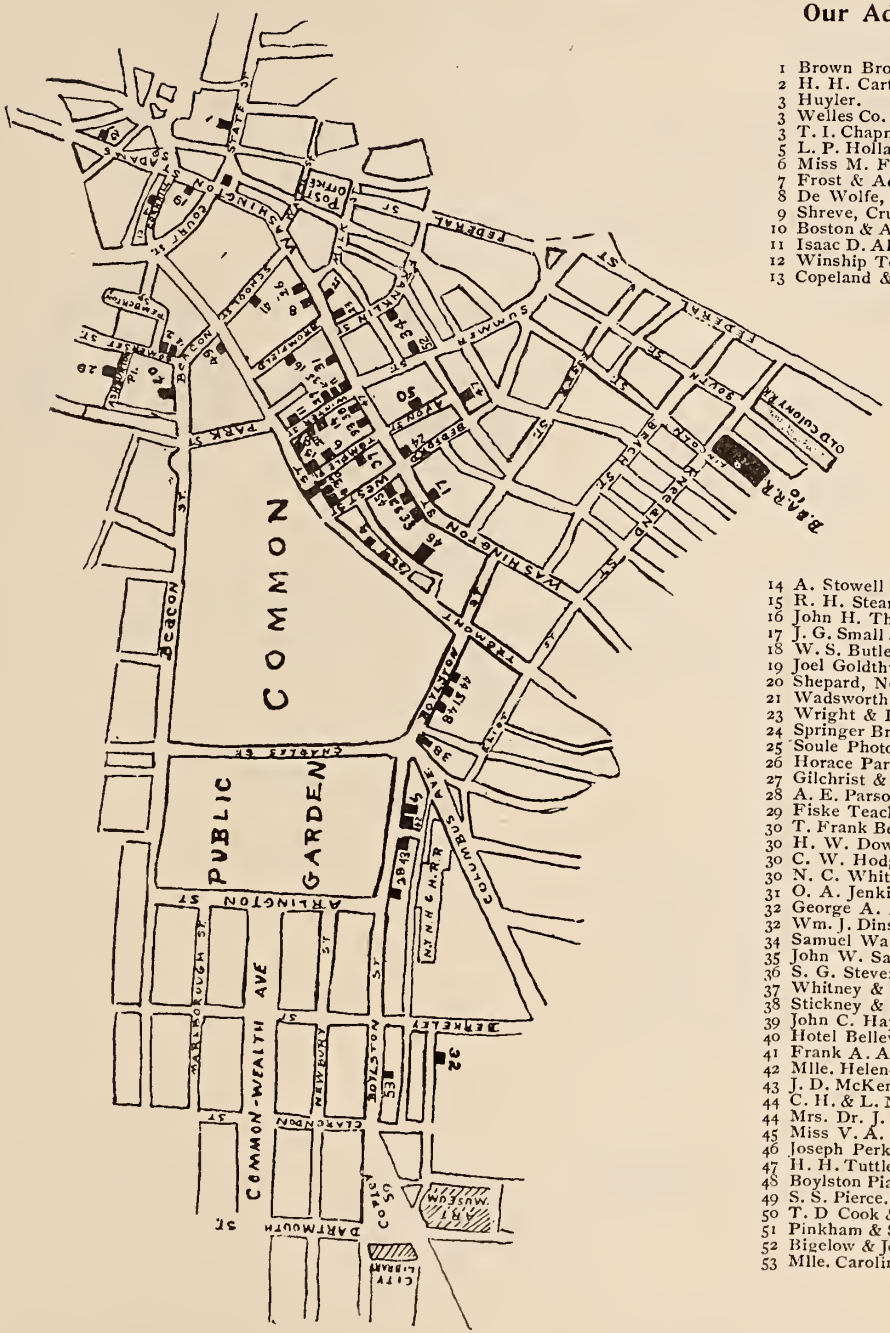

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Chorus of Shepherdesses.

I.

(A dance of shepherdesses. At the end the dancers break ranks and fall into groups.)

Phyllis: Our festival day again, ye shepherd maidens! How pleasant it is to dance! But come, shall we celebrate the day, as we have since olden time, with speech and song?

All: Yes! yes! our old woodland rites! Draw the lot!

Phyllis: Come, then, Amaryllis, choose the lot with me.

(Amaryllis goes about and takes in her hat different flowers from all the maidens; she brings it to Phyllis. Other shepherdesses gather toward them, or talk in groups.)

Phyllis: Now will I draw. *(Draws a laurel bud.)* Daphne, it is thy flower. Thou wast well-nigh too late for this duty.

All: Daphne! Daphne!

(Daphne hangs back. The others run up and draw her forward.)

Daphne: Me! alack! sweet friends; what shall I do to please ye! Will ye have a song?

All: Nay, nay—

Arethusa: We can sing ourselves.

Daphne: Shall I play on the lute, that ye may dance your dance on the green?

All: Nay, nay—

Amaryllis: We can dance without the lute.

Daphne: What, then, will ye have?

Phyllis: Let it even be a discourse, gentle Daphne: a discourse in good set terms, with many maxims, and an admirable moral concluding. Surely, it is ever the custom to lend dignity to a festivity.

All: Aye! aye! a discourse.

Daphne: What, then, shall I discourse upon?

Amaryllis: Oh, upon us—

Phyllis: And Arcadia—

Phœbe: And the great world—

Chloe: And us—

Melicerte: And the purpose of life—

Dorcas: And the value of learning—

Phyllida: And us—

Amaryllis: And other people—

Phyllis: But principally of us.

Phœbe: And prithee, good Daphne, let it not be over long.

Melicerte: Nor over-saddened with the thought of parting—

Amaryllis: Aye, let it be merry, forsooth, with sayings taken from writers of a good wit.

Chloe: And of a certainty do not forget the moral.

(They crowd around, all speaking at once. Daphne turns from one to another dazed.)

Daphne: Fair friends, ye mean me well, but ye confuse me sorely. I can but essay, and pray Pan I may please ye. In good set terms, then,—

Fellow-women (sternly), ye on whose shoulders rests the burden of the higher education, ye whose personal responsibility it is to right all wrongs of society, beware lest ye for the moment forget your high calling. Your sacred duty it is to "let the deed shaw." Take heed, therefore, that that deed be ever calm, well considered, exemplary: neither too hot nor too cold, but of a respectable coolness. Let your high standard be that set by the wise man of old—"neither to laugh nor to weep, but to understand." Let your ——

(The shepherdesses, who have grown first grave, and then more and more discontented during this address, here break out into murmurs of dissatisfaction.)

Phyllis: Prithee, peace. Enough of such matter. We came not hither to be taught the way of life by one who knoweth no more thereof than we.

Daphne: But ye would have morals and maxims! and weighty matter! and now ye will none of them!

Melicerte: None of that color. Moreover, we have heard all this before, these many years, in festival discourses.

Phyllis: Prithee, good Daphne, begin afresh, and in another vein.

Daphne: I will so, and speak this time of that which I know better.

Sweet comrades: The very brightness of this festal day, and gayety of your dances, bring with them a haunting pain. As the time draws near for leaving Arcadia, every pleasure has in it a deep sadness, a new meaning taken on from being the last of its kind for us. Little by little we see the sweet Arcadian life slip from us, and as it goes the pang grows sharper at every——

Melicerte (sobbing, as are all the others): No more! Alack! we can bear no more of that!

Phyllis: Thou doest exceedingly ill, O Daphne. Call you this cheering discourse for a festal day? See, the shepherd maidens are all weeping!

Daphne (in distress): Alas! forgive me, sweet friends! Forgive me, good Amaryllis; pardon, sweet Melicerte. Alack! what have I done! I did but discourse as others have discoursed on festal days.

Amaryllis (resentfully): Aye, didst thou in sooth. We have heard it all before these many years, and could well have spared it altogether.

Daphne (with resolution): Now have I done with your good set terms. They are a pain in the producing, and a weariness in the hearing, and I will none of them. I will even try once again, and tell you a little tale.

All (with pleasure): A tale!

Daphne: Then listen. Once upon a time there came to Arcadia a little maid all clothed in green and gold, with a wreath of daffodils on her head and a pine branch in her hand. She came with hope in her heart, for in a very old book she had read, "This country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered mind of the people."* And the hope she had was more than fulfilled. For this Arcadia she found beautiful as Elysium, so that only to see its woods and waters might gladden a sad heart or sweeten a bitter. But most of all did she rejoice in the people she found, who were not only well-tempered in mind, as the old book had promised, but for the most part kindly in manners and gentle and true in heart. So that she was happy there, and busy with thoughts of the best that had been said and done in the world; and life was good.

Time passed, and at last the day drew near for her to leave Arcadia. And as it approached she viewed it often with sadness, for that country had grown very dear to her; and sometimes with fear, for she knew not the rest of Greece so well; but finally, with courage and a good heart, for she knew that Arcadia, with all its sweetness, was to the other provinces no more than a little walled garden is to the plains, and mountains, and cities of the world and she knew that life lay for her in that wider, rougher country; she knew, too, that one thing at least she could bring to that new life, gained from the old,—that is, the will and power to work.

(Pause.)

*Sydney's "Arcadia."

Phyllis: Is that all?

Daphne: That is all.

All: All?

Daphne: Aye.

Melicerte: But where is the plot structure?

Phœbe: Or the character development?

Chloe: Or the atmosphere?

Phyllis: Or the point?

Arethusa: And we've heard it all before!

Amaryllis: Only a year since, the very same allegorical sort of ——

Daphne (in a temper): Of a truth, shepherd maidens, it seems I cannot please ye. Behold, yonder wandereth Clorinda in one of her poet-mad rhapsodies, between heaven and earth, as I guess. Her ye know well for the sweetest singer in Areadia. She now wanteth your approval. Perchance she hath even now some silver verses to delight ye withal. Call her. (Exit, angrily.)

FLORENCE MCMAHON PAINTER, '97.

II.

(Enter Clorinda at back, with scroll.)

Shepherdesses (calling): Clorinda, Clorinda!

(She does not hear.)

Phyllis: She is dreaming. Go fetch the lovelorn Clorinda. She must give us a song.

(Shepherdesses run after her, and finally attract her attention. She follows them, with a dazed look, to Phyllis.)

Phyllis: Not here for our festival, Clorinda?

Clorinda: Festival? Is this a festival day? I forgot.

Phyllis (sternly): Where hast thou been, foolish maiden, and where is thy crook?

Clorinda: I was wandering on the hillside, listening to the breezes in the long grass, and I heard the voice of a nymph singing among the trees. And I started to find her, but lost my way, and left my crook. But perhaps I only dreamed that I heard her. But I have lost her now. Ah, me! Ah, me!

Phyllis: Clorinda, thou art poetic, and hearest sounds that others hear not. Hast thou been making verses of late?

Clorinda: Only a few halting rhymes on the Arcadian country.

Shepherdesses (gathering round): Read them to us, read them, Clorinda.

Phyllis: Yes, contribute this to the festival, although thou didst forget it.

Clorinda: So be it. But you must all take up my lay, and join in the chorus.

(Shepherdesses seat themselves around.)

Clorinda (recites):

'Tis a gentle, flowery land of meadows green,
Sweet scented with the air of ever spring,
Where oaks cast lightsome shadows in the sheen
Of sunlit lawns; and lowly murmuring
Young breezes fly and ripple, all unseen,
The still blue lake and set it glittering.
Here lies the land of Arcady, the bright,—
A blissful land, kissed by the sun's gold light.

The hills of Arcady slope softly down,
Green billows of a grassy ocean floor;
Brown thatches rise on sunny hilltops' crown,
And sheepcotes overflowed with prosperous store.
But far beyond, the dark, still mountains frown,
And towers white gleam by the blue seashore.
Secure in quiet lies our shepherd land,
Sweet haunt of nymph and careless shepherd band.

In Arcady the panpipes play all day,
Piping of air, and sun, and floating breeze.
Right merrily we leave the flocks to stray,
Meet in cool shade and take a dreamy ease;
Then to rustic flute we sing a shepherd lay,
And hymn to Pan an ode of lake or lea,—
To Pan, who dwells in thickets green and dim,
And makes the woodlands all grow glad with him.

SONG.

By the green lake-banks we have found thee,
By the rippled, sounding shore;
Thine eyes flung a gladness around thee,
Thine head an ivy wreath wore.

Pan, lead us, for we follow,
Where thou dost lead we follow.
For the joy of thy face,
For the love of thy grace,
King Pan, we follow thee!

But we took great Pan from his hiding,
We shepherds, to sport with us;
In the notes of his pipe confiding,
Made him king to rule over us.
Pipe, Pan, where now we follow;
Where thy pipe sounds we follow;
For thy faint, sweet notes,
From the reed's clear throats,
King Pan, we follow thee!

In graver mood we search the deepest glade
To behold the face of dryad nymph or faun,
And ofttimes hear a rustle, see a shade
That passes,—leaving us not sadly lorn,
But in love with the dell for the mystery so laid
On its life; and we set out again at dawn.
The sunlight and the wood we cheerily roam
In blithe Arcadia, our chosen home.

But other pastures far away there stand,
For Arcady lies in the heart of Greece;
The herdsmen are a gay but wandering band,
And panpipes sing not of unchanging peace.
Young shepherds need arise with crook in hand,
And journey far to win the whitest fleece,
Then blow the flute-notes sadly, dolefully.
Ah me! that all the world were Arcady!

SONG.

Softly, sadly, blow the reeds
With tender notes and slow;
Shepherd maids must soon away,
Out of Arcady must go.
Dance not, O Pan, nor sing;
Let no gay flute-notes ring
When out of Arcady we go!

Sadly play a ditty low;
They leave fair Arcady,
Jonquil fields and shady banks,
Sports and rustic jollity—
Sing not, shepherds, cruelly,
Slight not who grieve unhappily,
When out of Arcady they go.

Dear shepherds, cease these strange and dreary lays
For pleasures past, though sweet in memory.
Still blow the pipes, and loudly singing, raise
The Arcadian strains of clinging melody,
Praising our life of long, untiring days,
And the deep, calm sleep that crowns festivity.
This hope is ours, and be it gladly told,
Arcadia ever shall we find and hold!

SHEPHERD CHORUS.

By the running streams of the woodland,
By the twinkling leaves,
By the soft air of the summer
As the æther breathes,
We rejoice with the earth in her living,
We joy that we live, too.

By the flocks that we feed on the hillside,
With their fleecy coats,
By the small, bright things of the meadows,
And their humming notes,
We sing loud for delight in the singing,
We joy that we live, too.

No darkness shall shadow the sunlight
On the world that floats,
No weakness shall deaden the life spring
That thrills in our notes.
In Arcadia we are abiding,
And live beneath its sun!

(The Shepherdesses all kneel to invoke Pan.)

Come, Pan, on thee we call;
In the woods thy footsteps fall.
Oh, come, our songs to greet
With laughter loud and sweet!
King Pan, thy name we hail;
O mighty Pan, all hail!

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY.

III.

(A jolly old wood god, who has been tiptoeing around the kneeling shepherdesses, waiting his opportunity to surprise them, now rushes into the group, and seizing one of the girls, lifts her to her feet with the exclamation):—

Pan sends me!

Shepherdesses (at first frightened; then, on recognizing their visitor, delighted): Sylvanus! Sylvanus!

Sylvanus (suddenly remarking the Tree-day assembly): But our guests; pay ye no heed to them?

Shepherdesses (surprised): Guests?

Sylvanus: What! ye do not even see them? Ah, poor mortals! I did forget your vision was but human. Yet mark! To the eye of a god even the most insignificant things may be present. For four whole years I have observed these little beings in their ant hill, and familiarity has even endeared them to me. See now *(to one of the shepherdesses)!* Here is a large one! Can you not see her? Ah! At last! Mark the perfection of each tiny feature! And there are more, and more, and many others! I love to sport with them in friendly fashion.

Ninety-seven! You are like the woodpecker, '97, that rattleth and drummeth from tree to tree as if he would tell it all. And yet, alack! he knoweth not all of it!

By degrees, to be sure, you are learning. For instance, you are learning Geology,—or at least you will be learning it the day before the examination; and you have already learned that the reproduction of the glacial period through the modest vehicle of a wagon full of sand and a lump of ice, is not placed behind the express office in order that you may make mud pies unobserved by the freshmen. This is learning enough, for you have something better than learning, '97; you have magnetism. Everything loves you, and you have not been allowed to miss the wisdom fate denied you. Long ago, the rains played appreciatively on your athletic field, though no one else could; and when you abandoned this enterprise, the field itself went into deep weeds. This year the gods have granted you a senior vacation—an opportunity unprecedented for extension of time on your final work; the regular course in astronomy has been discontinued, so that the students interested in stars might observe you more at their leisure; maids have been secured to do the domestic work of which you proved incapable; and in order that your Tree-day exercises might contain at least one new feature, the twentieth century has come three years early. When you were sophomores the Class of '94 immolated itself, to spare you the future mortification of having given the boathouse to the College; and now that you are seniors, fond '98 lifts from your shoulders the reproach of the "Legenda." Yes, '97, by the inconspicuousness of your own deeds you have indeed been the means of letting the deeds of others shaw wondrously!

Ninety-eight looks happy! Ninety-eight expects a new chapel. But alack! '98. Has a year of forensics not yet taught you to demand evidence before you draw conclusions? Yet never mind! Your "Legenda" is finished, if your chapel isn't. But how your "Legenda" Board must chafe under academic harness, where work more than three months late is so rarely accepted! For you are beyond the shackles of conventionalities, '98. There is a barbaric splendor in the profusion with which you furnish forth candidates for the senior presidency,—ten in one afternoon,—and a Titanic vigor in the way you dispose of the lot within an hour. It was big hearted, too, when your executive committee had forgotten to make programmes for the play you gave the freshmen, for you to get the senior president and her sophomore friends to write them for you at the last moment. Everybody was touched!

You did well, '98, to decide to drop the editorial department of the Magazine by degrees, instead of all at once. Your rate of reduction—one half the column at an issue—is somewhat abrupt, but the sooner dead the sooner starward!

And '99: dear me, children, how you have grown since last year! Why, I'd hardly have known you! You seemed still young, because you did not see it was a '97 at your class social receiving with your president and honorary member. But, after all, you were hardly to be blamed for taking such an evident goose for one of your own class or the Faculty.

Here is one of nature's secrets for you, '99. It is only on a cold day that you can keep water on the register without danger of heating. If the day is warm, water left on the register while you go to chapel will boil before you get back,—even though there be a crayfish in the water; even though that crayfish be the pride of the Zoölogy department; even though the pride of the Zoölogy department strive mightily. Ferns, on the other hand, when placed on the open register, bake, instead of boiling. A more steadfast attention to these facts when they were demonstrated, '99, might have enabled you, in hygiene examination, at any rate, to compete successfully with the freshmen.

Your dismay at being asked to give reasons for your choice of electives appears to us hardly justifiable. As long as one is fresh a new sort of mental effort ought not to seem so formidable.

The little fortnightly paper you were denied leave to edit this year would doubtless have been highly entertaining to the editors, and you are to be commended for the cheerfulness with which you sacrificed your own desires to the comfort of the community at large. If congestions of the dust shafts with small dry articles were not so inconvenient, the council would have granted your request.

Are you a 1900? And you? And you? And what are you? And you? And those? All 1900's? Why, I thought there were only three of you! Doesn't your constitution say your president must be elected by a two-thirds majority? and didn't you elect her on a majority of one? Well, I suppose the confusion is only partly your fault. If you had been allowed to matriculate after the mid-years, like '99, such a majority might have been legal.

We are indebted to you, 1900, for the circulating library. Or are we? You might look it up, to make sure. By the way, don't be overcautious about increasing the number of books. If the library outgrows the college storage room, perhaps some member of the Faculty who is going away will lend you a Boston bag.

You have shown many good signs, 1900. Another good one to show during your dance rehearsals would have been, "Don't Look on the Grass."

On the whole, however, your decision that freshmen secrets were too big to be kept in any place smaller than the college at large, was admirable, and we appreciate the delicacy of the methods you used to circulate your secrets,—especially that ruse with the embroidery woman in New Jersey. Even the most punctilious conscience could not scruple to accept information about your flower and colors from such a source. The greenhouse man, too, is admirable. We should advise 1901 to employ him again next year. We had known your tree already, however,—for are you not the direct offspring of '98? And what but an oak could be the fruit of a corn-flower?

You did not transplant the tree in order that you might dance around it, after all, did you? You were right. There are many cheaper ways than that to kill it.

Your colors puzzle us a little, we confess. They can't symbolize apoplexy,—credit notes weren't general enough for that,—but purples are hard to interpret!

Your change of song was welcome, to be sure; we had enjoyed singing the first one with you; but it is only less embarrassing to us than to you to be continually reminded of Q. E. D. and C. O. D.

The motto is entirely satisfactory. It shows your intention to uphold the good old tradition of choosing the sentiment most inappropriate to the class.

Now, don't be in a hurry to go! Remember, I haven't said a word to 1901 yet. The "Legendas" won't be all gone before you have a chance at them; and even if you haven't subscribed beforehand, you can get one for a very trifling premium.

Nineteen Hundred and One! Little drop of wisdom in a bucket of folly! It must have been your president that 1900 was electing. Never grow any larger, 1901! An embryo is a thing of infinite promise, and no knowledge of your characteristics can ever be so blissful as our present ignorance.

I have said, and the tiny folk have listened. You see, we are friends. Watch now, pigmies, and the Arcadians will dance for us.

(Another dance of shepherdesses.)

MARY ELIZABETH HASKELL, '97.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

SWIFT-PASSING time has brought '97 in her turn to stand before you on her senior Tree Day. From her vantage ground, the honored festival giving clearer vision, she looks both into the past and into the future with new eyes. She realizes, perhaps for the first time, that her college life belongs now to the past,—a beautiful, dearly loved past. To-day she gives a last, lingering look, for to-morrow she will turn eagerly, purposefully forward to take her place in the busy work-a-day world.

To our parting, then, sad and yet even joyous with the joy of untried strength, we bid you welcome, you our benefactor, you our leader, you our guides, and you our elder and our younger sisters. To all, '97 extends a glad greeting.

MARY WILLIAMS DEWSON, '97.

CLASS SONG—1900.

I.

To thee we bring our off'ring rare
Of purple lilies fair,
And, Alma Mater, unto thee we sing!
We sing of oak and fleur-de-lis,
Of strength that leads to victory;
Accept, we pray, the gifts of love we bring.
Oh, Nineteen Hundred, lift thy voice in praise,
And Wellesley's honor to the welkin raise!
Oh, laud her glory throughout all thy days!

Chorus:—

The strong old oak shall be our tree,
Our flower, the purple fleur-de-lis;
"From strength to strength," our watchword aye shall be.

II.

Oh, we would joyously unite
Unto thy rainbow bright,
Our lavender and royal purple rare!
We pledge to thee our love unfeigned,
Our lives and all our triumphs gained,—
To thee, our Wellesley, beautiful and fair.
We sing, we sing in burst of melody,
To speak our aim, our dearest hope, that we
From strength to strength increase thro' loving thee!

Chorus.

MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

ORATION.

FRIENDS and Honored "Officers of Instruction and Government," the Class of 1900 is proud to be numbered in your ranks on this joyful and long-expected occasion.

We are deeply gratified for the interest you have taken in us during the last few weeks. Your frequent and solicitous inquiries about our plans, future hopes, and aspirations have not fallen unheeded upon our ears. Why did you not go to '99? She would have been able to furnish you with all needed information, as her knowledge has been greatly increased lately through absent-minded freshmen and unsuspicious gardeners.

But such reminiscences are sometimes painful. We had better talk of others. How good it is to stop and take breath again! Ever since we came here last fall we have been toiling up the dizzy heights of that lofty region you call the "Raised Standard of Wellesley." There have been numerous pitfalls on the way, in the shape of unexpected quizzes and tutoring classes, but the encouraging voices of '99, just a little higher, cheerfully assuring us that "they used to have the very same thing," have spurred us on. How we looked up to '99 in those first days! How far ahead of us she seemed! But now that we are resting upon the broad platform of Matriculation Cards, we find that we can see way over her head! Our aspirations are now from sophomore to senior, and even still further, going "From Strength to Strength," as our motto advises.

To-day, however, we have stopped climbing, and all our older sisters are peering down curiously to see how 1900 is going to acquit herself. We have chosen to represent royalty as most consistent with our noble ideas. Our King and Queen stand for the high ideals of college life. Their large retinue represents the different types of college girls, from the sober, serious warriors, who earnestly strive to guard and protect their ideals, to the merry flower girls and the careless jesters, who spend their time in amusing themselves and in giving pleasure to others.

All our distinctions are symbolic of royalty. What tree can compare in kingliness and grandeur with our stately oak? Just notice in this assembly what an air of nobility our royal purple and lavender shed about them. Our fleur-de-lis is the acknowledged flower of the throne, ever since the kings of France adopted it.

With such emblems, is it surprising that our aspirations soar to such extravagant heights? Could we rest content until we had climbed to the very top, the natural place for royalty? The way is appallingly slippery sometimes, but the "steadfast, starward" tendencies of '98 and '99 have done much to encourage us. Ninety-seven has left many well-worn, but safe footholds in her strong endeavors to "let the deed shaw." So, with your timely aid, we will gladly take up our journey again after this delightful pause, always persevering, "From Strength to Strength."

ALICE ELIZABETH HARDING, 1900.

PRESENTATION OF SPADE.

It is with some degree of surprise, 1900, that we see you have changed your plans for Tree-day costumes since day before yesterday. On that day we heard shouts of childish ecstasy, and on running to see what they meant we found you praneing about on the shores of Waban, practieing your danee in those beloved gymnasium suits of yours. Of eourse we thought it was a full-dress rehearsal, and a terrible fear possessed our hearts lest you, in your mad zeal for athleties, were going to sacrifice your personal appearance to-day. We are immeasurably relieved, therefore, to see that you have laid aside those somber garbs in order that you might look as eharming as possible. Yet the very fact that you deem your personal appearanee of more value than your athletie reputation gives rise to another, though less formidable fear. We have in the past year demonstrated to ourselves and our friends that beauty and gayety are not abiding qualities.

We, too, were bright and joyous once, 1900, but see into what sad and thoughtful creatures we have been transformed! We, too, were wont to dress in the gayest of colors, but now behold the ominous garments that burden our baeks, already bowed low with care and responsibility! And history repeats itself, 1900. Yet though our Alma Mater would doubtless rejoiee to have always such a handsome *coterie* of students, still, we feel that the evolution which will shatter your beauty may be for your advantage in other ways. For "events are the outeome of eharacter," and we realize, from eertain events that have oeeurred in the history of your short lives, that your character needs to unfold just a little more. We hope, however, that this development will not be so slow as that of your sturdy tree promises to be, as we should really like to see the results of our influence upon you.

Sometimes, in fits of despondency, we wonder whether you are subject to influence, or whether our efforts for your improvement are all in vain. It is an undeniable fact that when you first entered this haven you were, in your own opinions, at least, sufficient unto yourselves. We therefore surmised that introspection was against your prineiples. Yet we passed this failing by in long-suffering silenee, sinee it was redeemed by your satisfac-

tion with your surroundings. Your first impressions of Wellesley evinced a loyalty never before equaled. We were rejoiced to find that you were so charmed with the Faculty, whom you were pleased to call "lovely, though feeble," and we do hope, for your sakes, that, although you "do not know them all now," you may "soon have that pleasure." Perhaps it may all end in a mutual admiration society, 1900; who knows? Your relations with this august body were certainly most propitious at first,—until you showed your little weakness for taking advantage of your superiors. When they were so good as to excuse you from examinations in mathematics at the dire mid-year season (though most of you did deem it wiser to take them later), why, oh, why, 1900, did you then demand your cards for a whole year's work? "Patience is a virtue," and if you come to realize this, perhaps you will get those souvenirs yet. At any rate, let us hope that your mourning colors may not prove significant.

Your wonderful intuition in the choice of a nursery for your tree astounded us, 1900. But don't you think it stayed there just a day or so too long? Don't you, honestly and truly, think it would have grown better if you had been willing to take Mr. Tailby's advice? You know, "Oak trees *must* be planted early, young ladies!" Still, we should like to express our gratitude to you for having your secrets announced to us in such a womanly, straightforward fashion. It is so much nobler and more honorable to be out with things than to keep your friends in a state of smothered expectation, especially when your friends have been so kind and thoughtful of your welfare as we have.

But frankness is not your only good quality, 1900. You are unsurpassable in the line of self-denial. What other class has Wellesley ever seen that would refuse the luxuries of life—prune puddings, Washington pie, and dates—for the sake of her athletic reputation? Has Wellesley ever seen a freshman class so exceedingly, so painfully unselfish as to refuse the few modest flowers offered it by unassuming sophomores on the occasion of its presidential election? Truly, 1900, you are a veritable altruistic organization!

We do not dare to insinuate that this is the fruit of our influence upon you. Rather, let us modestly remark that we think the gods were gracious in dealing out to us a wee bit of this—your predominant characteristic.

We, too, are interested in the welfare of others, and so when we unwittingly spoke of your being matriculated at some future date, we did not contemplate "hazing" you, as some of you innocently supposed. On the contrary, we decided that we would preserve our accustomed dignity in all our dealings with such an unobtrusive, diffident class. Because of that resolve, and because it was thought that you needed a governing power sooner than any class before you had needed one, we allowed you to go on uninterrupted with your election, though some of you did rebuke us afterwards for "lack of spirit!" And, as a result of this conquest over our desires, our noble instincts were our guides on that snowy afternoon when you deluded yourselves into thinking you had gained a great victory. Listen, 1900: it would have been less of a struggle for us to have won the victory in that little farce of a snow fight,—less of a struggle, I say, than the struggle with our inner selves. "It would be selfish," we argued, "to deprive the little ones of so much sport." Furthermore, we believed with Demosthenes that "communities, like individuals, should ever strive to mould their futures by the noblest chapters of their past," interpreting the "noblest chapters" as moments inspired by a high enthusiasm that disregarded vulgar expediency. So, 1900, we were but living up to that noble chapter of our past—the afternoon of your presidential election. Magnanimity, then, has been, is, and ever shall be, our policy in relation to you.

Perhaps you wonder that we have not this afternoon, with sophomoric condescension, tendered you any advice. We felt that it would be presumptuous for us, who still feel that we have something to learn, and that we have not yet attained perfection,—for us to venture advice to a class so learned, so sophisticated, so well versed in all matters pertaining to both law and politics. So, may we be pardoned if we now hand this spade with no accompanying exhortations or instructions to you, who once so modestly termed yourselves

"Last in the Century,
Best in the Century,
1900, Wellesley!"

Mary B. Gilson, '99.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

Graciously, O '99, in the spirit in which it is given, we receive this spade. The honest, straightforward praise which you have just lavished upon us rejoices our hearts, and we admire you to-day more than ever. But we can scarcely realize that you are the blithe and care-free spirits who taught us, while we were still teachable, that life was not a grind, though work was, it seems, a flunk. To what sad estate you have fallen!

We came to-day to sport in high carnival before you, to dance upon the green, with songs and jests on our lips,—to show you, sister sophomores, that we had heeded your wise counsel. But what a melancholy little band you are! Before these sad relics of mid-years the light words die upon our lips, the glad songs in our hearts shall be unsung, for we would comfort you, poor '99!

You didn't guess what sort of class we were, did you, '99? That was known only to the Faculty. You were surprised when those "lovely" officers of Government and Instruction so early found us worthy of Matriculation Cards. Because we straightway elected our president, and because everything was done "decently and in order" (Robert's rules), though, to be sure, "in the 'midst of alarms," hushed and awestruck you stood in excited little groups before Lecture Room I.,—your breath quite taken away. No wonder we accuse you of lack of spirit!

O '99, if you but played basket ball a little oftener you wouldn't lose your breath so easily! But 'tis unkind even to mention that worthy sport; for perhaps some of you are still blue over the little game in which 1900 proved that her motto was not ill chosen, and in which '99 showed that she still stood stationary to her old athletic ideals!

But you never did go in much for athletics, and you know you never would train, '99. And what, in consequence, is the composition of your class? O '99, "sugar and spice and everything nice," is what you little girls are made of!

How pretty and winsome your young faces were as you danced gleefully around Art Building hill that snowy day last January! Ah, '99! it is not passing strange that you should give that little episode only a hasty word or two. We will not be vainglorious, and flaunt our triumph in your

sad faces to-day. No; since you wish it, we will pass over that victorious chapter of our history in silence; for, we doubt it not, you are still a little sore on that subject.

As we look upon you to-day, sad relics of the mid-year exams., conditions, and non-credit notes, the thought comes to us that at least two of the defeats which you have suffered may be traced to the same cause. You might have been proudly victorious in the snow fight, '99, and to-day you might have been cards in Hygiene, Bible, and what not, if you had not been such little girls. For in both cases was not the "raised standard" just a little too high for you?

But never mind, little sister, for we do not take the fatalistic view in regard to you. We are sure that if you, too, give up prune puddings and Washington pie, and exercise just a little oftener on the playground, like 1900, you will grow "From Strength to Strength."

Mary Geraldine Gordon, 1900.

EDITORIALS.

I.

The Class of '97 has for its gift to Wellesley started a fund, the interest of which is to be used in the defraying of the general expenses of the College. Such an action fills a long-felt want. As one of the ten-year-back alumnæ said, "No one but the children of Wellesley would think of giving money to pay for the butchers', bakers', and candlestick makers' bills." That is it. The College is hampered at these very points, and whereas, with passing time, bequests and donations for this or that particular object are coming slowly in, no outsider would sink his gift in a fund for these commonplace but necessary expenses. We, loving our Alma Mater with a daughter's love, delight to put our mites to such a purpose.

The treasurer of '97 is authorized to receive the money, from a dime or a quarter to the larger sums, at any time; but each year, just before Commencement Week, announcements will be sent to the members of the class that a special opportunity for giving has come, and that some one to be at Wellesley during this time of return, when the heart responds afresh with loyalty, will receive tokens which show its reality. The Alumnæ Association has authorized its treasurer in like manner to receive what the alumnæ can spare for this purpose. May the future classes, in their turn, join with '97 in their effort to strengthen the College at the expense of their own identity.

II.

Our ever sympathetic and benevolent friends the Trustees, have done much for their "flighty highnesses," the Barn Swallows, during the past year. Future generations of college girls will say with wonder, "Can that stylish structure really have ever been a barn?" We have a hard-wood floor, which it is a joy to dance on; a new drop curtain, which is distinctly appropriate to the dramatic efforts of the club as smacking strongly of classic times. The unseemly rafters have been hidden from view, and the pillars which support the roof have been blocked in so as to present an artistic and graceful, if simple, appearance. Encouraged by these efforts in their behalf,

and by the promise of the much-desired heat to come in the fall, the Swallows decided to contribute their share. So electricity was borrowed from the Natick plant, and the Barn is now fairly radiant with brilliance o' nights. Judging from the dancing and gayety that has been going on since then in the Barn, we may safely say that the improvements were needed and are appreciated.

III.

JUST a year ago this June the Barn Swallows started in life as a club, by the adoption of a constitution and the election of some five officers. Ninety-six did its best to push things through, and a noble list of two hundred members was enrolled upon the records. To these more or less enthusiastic charter members were added two hundred more in October, and now the club has over five hundred. Its avowed object was to promote good feeling and fellowship among the members and in the College at large, and to furnish the "student body" a fortnightly means of jollification with as little trouble and expense as possible. Underneath these stated motives lay a strong wish to further the real good of the College by increasing the spirit of unity,—to use a rather distasteful abstraction,—a desire to help the freshmen in the new strangeness of things, and a sincere hope that the new club would tend to break down the unmentionable, invisible barrier that is sometimes felt between society and non-society girls. As to the jollification, we feel an unquestionable thrill of pride when we think over the rare productions which have been given since last October. Certainly there is much latent genius and originality in the College. To the owners thereof we are deeply indebted for their obliging natures, and their willingness to interpret the college motto literally and serve on committees. First, there was the initial meeting, when we, so to speak, broke a bottle over the prow of the new scheme afloat, and launched the Barn Swallows on its historic voyage. Then came two political meetings, when stump speeches and transparencies were the order of the night, and much feeling and devotion to the cause were shown. Then, in the sincere conviction, as the "Legenda" appropriately remarks, that owing to their efforts the election was safe, the Swallows laid aside the weighty political problems of the day and plunged into fast and furious dissipation by going on the stage. Conundrum: When

is a Swallow not a swallow? Why, when it is a star. At the final meeting the club dispensed with stellar reputation and gave a lively, merry dance. Such, in brief, are the records of the year.

How far we have been successful in attaining our object, outside of mere entertainment, it is almost impossible to tell. Everyone has a different opinion on the subject. We, however, take an optimistic view of the matter. What the Barn Swallows has been to us personally is not a thing that can be expressed with pen and ink, and we are quite sure that many others are equally enthusiastic. This is especially the case with everyone who has had a share in the work, not to mention all the girls who have given hearty appreciation and interest at the various meetings. Of the workers, though, I think there is not one who did not enjoy the fun behind the scenes and the excitement of being in it all. To be put on a work committee may be a hardship, but to have a part in the dramatic production most certainly is not. About the good feeling and comradeship that is felt among the Swallows generally, it is, of course, very hard to say anything which may not be attacked as "bare assertion." We are not here to read a sermon, but we would like to make one small suggestion very humbly to every member. Don't flock by yourself. You are hurting the club as much as yourself. To another kind of girl we say with emphasis: Look out for somebody else. The ability to "mix" well is not given to everyone; it is a talent born in a select few; but sociability may, at least, be cultivated.

IV.

This year has been an exceptional one in many respects. It has seen many innovations and experiments, not the least of which is the "Legenda" for this year. Previous "Legendas" have been the work of the senior class; but as '97 decided to forego the honor and the work of getting out this catalogue of the year, the juniors took up the task, and published a "'98 Legenda." Owing to the delay which resulted from the change, the editorial board was not elected until just before the Christmas vacation. Six months proved ample time to prepare a notable volume,—but the "Legenda" speaks for itself. We are glad to say that the Class of '99 has followed the example of '98, and has already elected a board of editors to publish a "Legenda" their junior year. Success attend them!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

On a Western Campus: Stories and Sketches of Undergraduate Life, by the Class of Ninety-eight, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa. Illustrated by Frank Wing. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y., 1897.

Catalogue of German, French, Spanish, and Italian Books. D. C. Heath & Co., May, 1897.

M. Tulli Ciceronis Cato Maior de Senectute, with notes, by Charles E. Bennett, Professor of Latin in Cornell University. The Student's Series of Latin Classics. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. Price, 60 cents.

Catalogue and Announcements. Ginn & Co., 1897.

Labiche and Martin's La Poudre aux Yeux. Wells. Heath's Modern Language Series. D. C. Heath & Co., 1897.

American War Ballads and Lyrics: A Collection of the Songs and Ballads of the Colonial Wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812–15, the War with Mexico, and the Civil War, edited by George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897.

Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp, by Caroline A. Creevey, author of "Recreations in Botany." Illustrated by Benjamin Lander. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1897.

BOOK REVIEWS.

On a Western Campus: Stories and Sketches of Undergraduate Life, by the Class of Ninety-eight, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa. Illustrated by Frank Wing. Charles Wells Moulton, New York, 1897.

As its title suggests, "On a Western Campus" purports to give the reader some idea of college life in the West. The book is a collection of short stories, published in lieu of the usual junior annual production in Iowa College. The incidents and scenes are incidents and scenes taken from student experience. Many of them are interesting, from a living point of view, as stories of a new atmosphere, and from a literary point of view, in comparison with the Eastern College sketches.

In general the material resembles the usual material for college stories. Student life, in the main, is the same the world over, plot and prank differing only as their individual concocters differ. A slight change in atmos-

phere, and the incidents of the book might have occurred as well in the East as in the West. As to the style, however, few of the stories can be ranked opposite "Harvard Stories" or "Princeton Stories." They lack a certain dramatic movement and final halt that is demanded nowadays in the short story. "For the Scarlet and Black" shows, possibly, the best dramatic sense.

On the whole, however, the little book is interesting. "Back in the Sixties," and "The Work of the Storm," are sketches that could have been written of no other locality than Iowa, and for that consideration are attractive; while many of the others are written in a way to hold the attention very pleasantly for a few hours. As an undergaduate production it deserves credit, and for its co-working authors it merits encouragement.

American War Ballads and Lyrics: A Collection of the Songs and Ballads of the Colonial Wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812–15, the War with Mexico, and the Civil War, edited by George Cary Eggleston. Two volumes in one. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1897.

The War Ballad collection, just out through the Putnam's Sons Publishing House, is a book of both literary and historical interest. The book is not issued as a complete collection, but only as an illustrative one. It contains all the most popular and significant ballads and lyrics of each of our struggle periods. Students of American events or of the effect of strife on literature may well receive the little volume as a needed and helpful reference text.

Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp, by Caroline A. Creevey. Illustrated by Benjamin Lander. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York, 1897.

To those who know Mrs. Dana's book on flowers, and Miss Creevey's "Recreations in Botany," the announcement of a new book on the same subject by the latter author will be heartily received. In "Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp," a grouping according to soil is followed. Flowers are described under their common names, making it very easy for those unfamiliar with the customary botanical key to classify specimens. A short, significant description is given of each flower, together with its scientific name. A glossary of botanical terms and an index of botanical and common names, further assist the student to distinguish and assign to their proper

places unfamiliar flowers. On the whole the book is one all would do well to own. To the "unknowing, but would-be-acquainted," it will be of invaluable assistance, and in the modest words of the author, "even to those who are accustomed to botanical study, it is hoped that old truths in new dress may not be unwelcome." The book is also profusely illustrated with very successful sketches of flowers by Mr. Benjamin Lander.

EXCHANGES.

The Brown Magazine for May has a thoughtful article on "Formative Influences in Student Life at the University of Chicago"; also an interpretative study of Romola. The story called "The Coming Man" has a point to it, although it is a little awkwardly worked out.

The Inlander contains an interesting paper on "The First Missionary to America," and a touching little sketch, "La Belle Mariette."

The fiction number of *The Red and Blue* is rather disappointing. The only really interesting story is one written in the detective style, called "An Artistic Crime." The young archæologist displays a good deal of that sort of imagination which delights in the supernatural, but the writer has not yet attained the skill which Robert W. Chambers possesses, to make the unreal unite happily with the real.

The Smith Monthly contains a study of insanity called "The Hand," which shows a good deal of morbid power. We should, however, like to protest against this sort of writing. It is doubtful if such literary food is good for any reader, and assuredly the dwelling on such horrible themes must prove exceedingly injurious to the imagination of any young person who attempts to write in so unhealthy a vein. A pretty little reminiscence of childhood, written in quite another and a far more charming style, is "My friend the King."

A June copy of *The American Queen* comes to us from Gilchrist & Co., Boston. It contains an interesting article on "Champion Sportswomen." There are also illustrations and suggestions for the most charming out-of-door costumes. The paper is full of useful and practical hints on matters of health and cases of emergency. It should be welcome in any home.

The Wesleyan Lit. contains a sympathetic paper on "The Trilogy of Sienkiewicz," and has also some of the best verse of the month.

The Columbia Lit. has an appreciative study of Victor Hugo as a lyric poet. A short sketch of studio life, which strikes an old truth strongly, is called, "The Best Possible Ending." The most daring and original experiment in verse which we have seen lately is a short dramatic poem entitled, "The Bringing of the Dust."

In *The White and Gold* we note an excellent article on "Childhood in George Eliot's Novels," also a pleasing sketch called "The Ladye of the Old Ballade," which is prettily illustrated in pen and ink.

The Kalends has two interesting articles; one on a noted French critic, M. Ferdinand Brunétière,—the other on a noted French woman, Madame Blane-Bentzon.

The Western Oxford for May is a bright number, with an especially good article on "The Doctrine of Influence."

The June number of *The Bryn Mawr Lantern* is an issue of which the college may well be proud. Its excellence may best be described in the words of its own editorial: "Already noticeable on more than one of the pages is that trait most characteristic and most admirable in the *Lantern*,—a sureness of touch, a steadiness and certainty of hand, which again and again has, by an essay, a story, a poem, lifted it for a moment out of the amateur and into the professional class."

We note especially an article on the author of "Charles Auchester" and one on Rudyard Kipling, also an interesting descriptive sketch, "Street Scenes in Athens." We clip the following from the *Wesleyan Lit.*:—

WANTED: A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

O who shall write the voyages down
Where dragon-flies set sail and drown?
Who knows the rigging of the craft
Where fare the fat moths, drunk and daft?
O come, historian of the sky!
Name us the navies of the fly,
And trace the pathways up the blue
Where prayers arise, where Ariel flew,
Which Shelley's sun-wooed skylark knew.
Show us the lace-like canvas thin
Which bears the dreams of Might Have Been;
Fathom the leagues of ether-sea,
And write the Odyssey of a bee!

ONE WANING MOON.

Like a withered petal blown on high
From a shattered rose of June,
Across a gusty, cloud-sown sky,
Drifted the shrunken moon.

It fell on waves that yelled for prey,
It lit the wings of a gull;
It shone on a rusting anchor that lay
On the deck of a drifting hull.

It glimmered on drunken alleys and lanes,
On hideous chimneys steep;
It streamed through the little farmhouse panes
On lips that smiled in sleep.

COLLEGE NOTES.

April 26.—Society Zeta Alpha gives a colonial ball in the Gymnasium.

May 1.—Ninety-seven observed the usual custom of rolling hoops around the "circle"; 3.00 P. M., Wellesley victorious in a basket-ball game between the College and the Girls' High School, of Newton; 7.30 P. M., concert by the Boston Festival Orchestra, Mr. Emil Mollenhaur, director.

May 2.—Dean George Hodges, of Cambridge, preaches in the chapel.

May 6.—Election of '98 president for the senior year, resulting in the election of Miss Edna V. Patterson.

May 8.—4.15 P. M., Professor Hanus, of Harvard, head of the department of History and the Art of Teaching, lectured to the students intending to teach on "Some Problems of Modern Secondary Schools."

May 9.—Preaching by Dr. O. C. Curtis, of Madison, N. J.

May 10.—3.00 P. M., Miss Morgan gives a "Bell-Cycle" party to her friends in the Art Building. At the same hour the Zoölogy Club receive their friends in the gymnasium; 7.30, Pres. Stanley Hall lectures on "The New Psychology of Common Sense."

May 11.—The annual election of the "Barn Swallows" resulted in the choice of the following officers for next year: president, M. O. Malone, '98; vice president, C. F. Woodbury, '99; secretary, F. Brentano, 1900; treasurer, M. S. Hewitt, '99; custodian, E. B. Lehman, 1900.

May 15.—The junior members of Society Phi Sigma give a "Shirt Waist" dance in the barn.

May 16.—11.00 A. M., preaching by Professor J. K. Davis, of Boston University; 7.30 P. M., Talk by Miss Anna M. Cummings, of Wellington, South Africa, on her work in the Huguenot College.

May 17.—Concert by Miss Mary A. Stowell, of the Wellesley College department of Music, assisted by Boston musicians. On the same evening the College Glee and Mandolin Clubs give a concert at Steinert Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Wellesley Club, and for the benefit of the Shafer Memorial Fund.

May 20.—President Conklin, of the Springfield School for Christian Workers, addresses the weekly prayer meeting.

May 21.—3.00 P. M., Prof. Junius Hill and Mr. Wulf Fries give a recital in the chapel.

May 22.—Miss Mary Caswell explains the workings of the College Teachers' Registry to students intending to teach.

May 23.—Dr. G. K. Morris, of Boston, preaches in the chapel.

May 24.—3.00 P. M., Basket-ball game between '99 and 1900, resulting in the success of the latter class; 4.00, the Faculty give a reception to the seniors and outside friends in the Farnsworth Art Building.

May 29.—9.00 A. M., Mrs. Charles G. Ames, recently appointed factory inspector for Boston, spoke on her work to the classes in History and Political Economy; 7.30, Society Tau Zeta Epsilon gave a dance in the barn.

May 30.—Dr. G. C. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple, Boston, preaches in the chapel.

May 31.—Society Phi Sigma at home in Society Hall.

June 6.—Dr. Alexander McKenzie preaches in the chapel at 3.00 P. M.

June 7.—Concert by the students of the School of Music.

June 8.—Examinations begin.

On Saturday, June 12, the Shakespeare Society, under a clear sky, presented "Love's Labor's Lost." The site for the play was very happily laid in a little hollow in the woods between the rhododendron bed and Longfellow, where the highly appreciated sunlight now vaguely, now brightly flickering through the trees, lent a charm to the exquisite effect of color and

movement below. Miss Painter gracefully welcomed the audience, which was seated upon the ground on the sloping bank in front of the grassy stage, and the play followed, most successfully given by the following caste :—

Ferdinand, King of Navarre	Helen Capron.
Biron	Edna Patterson.
Longaville, Dumain — lords attending the King	Corinne Wagner. Julia Hill.
Boyet, lord attending the Princess of France	Elizabeth Cheney.
Mercade	Grace Frazee.
Don Adriano de Armado, a Spaniard	Geneva Crumb.
Sir Nathaniel, a curate	Louise Loomis.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster	Joanna Oliver.
Costard, a clown	Mary Gilson.
Dull, a constable	Mary Spink.
Moth	Florence Bennett.
Princess of France	Flora Skinner.
Rosaline, Maria, Katharine — ladies attending the Princess	Mary Malone. Maud Almy. Bessie Sullivan.
Jaquetta, a country wench	Louise Orton.

Scene, Navarre.

The greatest charm of the presentation lay in the grouping and the color effect, while the minuet, enthusiastically encored, will not quickly be forgotten by its spectators.

TREE DAY.

To give an adequate account of Tree Day this year seems an almost hopeless task. That it was one of the most effective, as well as the most affecting, sights which Wellesley has witnessed for many years is a general observation with which we would fain close our usual half-column account. Our spirits have been so depressed by our two sights of lugubrious nature,—a Niobe weeping over her freshman children, who would not be comforted because their Tree Day was not,—that to detail the memory seems like opening an old wound. The oppressive and prophetic gloom had been dom-

inant in the atmosphere for some time before the 4th; and to be or not to be—Tree Day, was the only question on every lip, when the day dawned in its usual sulks. So threatening was it until nine o'clock, that the Dean formally announced that recitations would proceed as usual; but before the first period had elapsed the temper of the weather had changed, recitations were out, and Tree Day was in. At two o'clock the audience assembled in front of the Main Building entrance for the address of welcome by the senior president had begun to grow suspicious of the gathering clouds. The juniors, a brilliant crowd of Japanese, led by their mikado and his court, under a gorgeous red canopy, lay aside all formality of approach, and in spite of scant and hampering petticoats, raced down the Art Building hill across the campus, and gathered dismayed under a darkening sky. The undaunted freshmen, with song-dance and jangling bells, whooped around the corner of the library, bringing in the Mardi-Gras in all its fullness of glory and scarcity of clothing. The Queen and her ladies, conspicuous among their followers for their skirt lengths; fools, strangely at ease in their clinging garb; masked entities, Pierrots, fair Amazons, strange botanical specimens, and tiptoeing together for company in spite of extended breadths of crinoline, terpsichorean charmers of unfamiliar and unhallowed aspect,—all burst upon the scene with a suddenness as confounding as the low rumbles of thunder in the west.

The sophomores, appearing from some hidden depths, added to the beauty (?), certainly to the numbers, of the throng with their graphic and somewhat too realistic representations of academic departments—Science, Language, History, and Literature. As they fell into their places in the wide circle surrounding the platform, the low and solemn organ tones pealed forth, accompanied by the funeral-like sight of one hundred and forty-two seniors moving impressively to their last Tree Day. Two by two they marched, their white gowns submerged in folds as black as the sky above them. After the address of welcome, by Miss Dewson, the guests of the occasion were, as quickly as ceremony would allow, hurried down to the lakeside of the campus, at the foot of the east steps, followed even less ceremoniously by the classes in their turn, who attempted to attract the attention of the sky gazers earthward, by wild bursts of class and college yells. A small court had been marked out on the campus, around which the audience

doubtfully seated itself with many misgiving glances at sky and Sunday clothes. The senior ceremony, after some delay occasioned by over-careful costuming, was then begun,—a shepherdesses' dance of the greatest artistic beauty and skill. Twenty seniors in five sets of different colors, pink, blue, lavender, yellow, and green, each carrying a huge gilded crook, moved through the mazes of intricate steps with the ease of long practice and natural grace.

But before they had completed more than two or three figures, the splash of drops could be heard on the Japanese umbrellas. Protesting cries of "Postpone!" "Go on!" were raised; a few on the outskirts of the crowd moved toward the building. The dancers consulted, then proceeded until a great torrent of rain sent them scampering up the hill. In a moment the wildest confusion ensued. The seniors, dropping their stately bearing, made a great dive for the barn, followed by most of the classes and the few guests who kept their heads. Wildly butting into trees, falling over each other, the heterogeneous mass of nondescripts fled to the four winds of heaven. The majority landed in the barn, dripping, hot, hopeless; and as quickly as word could be sent those who had found shelter in the Main Building, followed. But in vain was such a gathering. A feeble burst of song from a few bedraggled members of the Glee Club, was all the entertainment which could be raised. The seniors could not, the freshmen would not, use the barn stage for their dance, and after a happy hour and a half of genial discussion, Tree Day was declared at an end for the time.

Its second attempt the following week was quite too mournful to be immortalized in these pages. A few undaunted freshmen, in mackintoshes and umbrellas, sung to their tearful leader under her dripping bower. A few words of wisdom, too hard worked for to be omitted, fell from the lips of the upper classes. Most of the student body nursed colds in their own rooms.

So Tree Day came, and stayed, and went, without being at all. Never were signs of promise so alluring; never had genius burnt so bright, nor freshmen looked so charming.

But that is always the way.

In accordance with the time-honored custom, the fête of the junior forensics was held the evening of Tree Day. As might have been expected

at such a season, the weather was all that might have been hoped for,—in the way of appropriate gloom, blackness, and dampness. In their own original way '98 chose a new site for the festival, pitching it and their forensics in the center of the lake. In their customary white draperies they manned the stout ships moored to the shore, and with as much cheer as was possible in so humid an environment, they orated and chanted over the incense-breathing flames mounting skyward from their raft load of precious manuscript. Miss Goodwin as orator, Miss Damon as priestess, survived the immanent danger of a watery death,—due to over-emotion in the Evangeline,—and won the everlasting respect of all who heard them. Among these were several unlawful spectators; *i. e.*, Louise Loomis, '97; Bertha Straight, '97; Flora Skinner, '99, and Sophie Hart, Professor of English. All were duly accused, and the Professor of English, after an attempt at self-defense in a trial given her by '98, was found guilty, and sentenced by the judge, Miss Edna Patterson.

FLOAT.

Owing to the rejection of the propositions of the Athletic Association that the outside guests at Float should be limited to those who could afford to enter on twenty-five cent tickets, the standard at Float was as low as usual, the crowd as happy, the affair as successful,—an odd fact.

About six o'clock, after the collations at the different houses, the lake side and boathouse were packed with eager onlookers, the lake covered with small boats full of merrymakers. Each class gathered around its own staff and banner upon the shore, and cheered at their own appropriate times. A greater interest than usual was added to the day, in that there was a certain specified order of events recorded in the very tasteful programmes: 1. Parade of crews; 2. Competition for best pairs; 3. Competition for best crew of each pair; 4. Competition of winning crews for championship; 5. Competition of coxswains in getting into boathouse; 6. College crew with winning coxswain; 7. Forming of star singing; 8. Parade of crews in colored lights. Ninety-seven crew was declared the finest class crew on the lake, and its coxswain—the coxswain of the college crew—the finest coxswain.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

CLASS SUPPER.

THE Class of '97 held its class supper at the Maugus Club House, Wellesley Hills, Thursday evening, June 17. They assembled at the foot of Norumbega Hill, and marched from there in a squadron of eight abreast to the electric cars, which waited for them at the West Lodge. Miss Dewson, as toastmistress, called for responses to the following toasts:—

"The Deeds we Shaw" . . . Clara R. Purdy.
"That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis."

"The Basket-ball Field" . . . Elfie Graff.
"Anon they cast off their veils and fell to playing at ball."

"Our Reputation" . . . . Celena M. Whitney.
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man; simplicity, a child."

"Daffodils and their Symbolism" . Lucy Jane Freeman.
"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

"Ninety-seven's Opinions . . . Grace L. Edgett.
"For culture, it is requisite that men be acquainted with all points of view."

"People We've Lived With" . . Florence Foley.
"All sorts and conditions of women."

"Great Expectations" . . . Judith A. Blackburn.
"The world is a wheel, and it will all come around right."

The history of '97's senior year was given before the supper, by Julia N. Colles and Emily Hoopes.

GARDEN PARTY.

In the afternoon of Friday, June 18, the Class of '97 met its friends on Norumbega Hill. The president and vice president formally received for the Class, while on the verandas of all the cottages small parties were entertained. Tables of refreshments were scattered at conveniently short distances among the trees, while the Germania Military Band, hidden in the woods near by, added greatly to the novel charm of the occasion, also heightened, more or less, by an unwonted number of men. The afternoon passed delightfully.

SENIOR PLAY.

On the evening of Friday, June 18, the senior dramatics were given in the barn. The caste which presented "She Stoops to Conquer," was as follows:—

Sir Charles Marlowe	Mary E. Simonds.
Young Marlowe	Emily P. Baxter.
Hardcastle	Alice L. Wright.
Tony Lumpkin	Geneva Crumb.
Hastings	Grace L. Edgett.
Stingo	Helen L. Atkins.
Diggory	Hetty M. Rowe.
Miss Hardcastle	Margaret E. Starr.
Miss Neville	Gertrude M. Hall.
Mrs. Hardcastle	Julia N. Colles.
Maid	Emma A. Morrill.
First servant	Blanche Currier.
Second servant	Judith A. Blackburn.

To speak in detail of the talent manifested on this occasion would be impossible. The parts were all taken with an ability which was remarkable, in consideration of the fact that so little attention is paid to dramatics at Wellesley, and so short a time could be allowed for the preparation of this particular play, which is undoubtedly a difficult one to present. Miss Starr made a most charming Miss Hardcastle, acting with an ease and naivety which quite won the hearts of her audience; while Miss Baxter as Young Marlowe brought down the house with her representation of masculine timidity and boldness, neither of which extreme of character one could have imagined natural to her. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, notwithstanding the fact that in the rear of the house, owing to the flatness of the floor, it was hardly in a position to appreciate all that was said and done.

CLASS DAY.

The Class-day exercises were held on the afternoon of Saturday, June 19, on the bank of Longfellow. The historians were Florence Foley, Caroline M. Davis, Eva M. Guy, and Emily P. Johnson, whose clever plan of

the presentation of '97's college career was very skillfully given in a number of acts, different members of the class taking part. The presentation was called "Scenes from the History of a Famous Life." The first scene was "The Portent," in which, by means of a mighty telescope and various astrological instruments, '97 was seen looming in the distance. In the second scene Edith Ladd, as '97, appeared to learn the "Mystery of Life," and attended by Intelligence (Mary North) and Mirth (Louise Stockwell), tried to unwind the web of red tape which extended from various departments to the central guiding hand of Alma Mater (Edith Howland). In the third scene she "completed her period of probation," and in the fourth "turns to revelry," when the gypsy dance of '97 freshman Tree Day was repeated with great success. In the fifth scene '97 had its junior Prom.; and in the sixth, completed its senior Tree-day dance,—this time with undampened ardor. The prophecy was given by Miss Miriam Hathaway.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

On the evening of Saturday, June 19, the President received the senior class and its friends in the Stone Hall parlor. She was assisted by the Dean and Miss Pendleton. Refreshments, served hospitably in the dining room, added to the pleasure of the occasion.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

The morning of June 20 dawned inauspiciously, and though it did not rain severely, proved to be a gloomy day. The sermon was given by the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. His text was from 2 Tim. ii. 19. "Howbeit the firm foundation of God standeth."

This foundation, he said, was the Church, which had two securities, inward and outward. The first was Christ himself, the shepherd of the flock who led, not drove his sheep; the second was the cultivation of personal purity. The twofold lesson which he brought to the graduating class was, first, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, and that each of them had her place in it,—a task which it was her duty to find and do; secondly, that the path of purity is the path of peace. The organ prelude was by Professor Hill, while the vocal selections were given by the Beethoven and Glee Clubs.

Vespers in the evening were largely attended and were particularly successful, owing to the enthusiasm and skill of the college chorus and the happy selections of Professor Hill.

GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS CONCERT.

On Monday afternoon, June 21, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their annual concert to the seniors on the banks of Longfellow. The audience, a very full one, was seated comfortably upon cushions, pillows, and rugs on the opposite slope. The programme, according to custom, had been previously made out by the seniors, so that each selection was heartily received, especially "Ben Bolt" by Miss Hoyt, a song of which the College has never tired. The following was the programme :—

1. (*a*) The College Beautiful.
   Words by Katharine Lee Bates, '80.
   (*b*) Courtship.
   (*c*) My College Girl.
   Words by Alice W. Kellogg, '93.
2. El Capitan.
   Sousa.
3. (*a*) At Wellesley.
   Words by Mary Hefferan, '96.
   Solo by Miss Scott.
   (*b*) Verlâssen.
   (*c*) Lake of Grey.
   Words by Louise Manning Hodgkins.
4. La Carmela Waltz.
   Tocaben.
5. (*a*) Tupelo.
   (*b*) Proposal.
   (*c*) 'Neath the Oaks.
6. Cavalleria Rusticana (Intermezzo).
   Arranged by Walter Fay Lewis.

7. (*a*) Ben Bolt.
   Solo by Miss Hoyt.
   (*b*) A Model College Girl.
   Words by Katharine Lee Bates, '80.
   (*c*) At Parting.
   Words by Josephine Simrall, '93.
   (*d*) To Alma Mater.
   Words by Anne L. Barrett, '86.

8. (*a*) Zenda Waltzes.
   Witmark.
   (*b*) Domino March.
   Tocaben.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On Monday evening, June 21, the following programme was given by the Boston Instrumental Club, Mr. W. W. Swornsbourne, conductor:—

OVERTURE, "Le Pré aux Clercs"	Herold.
TRIO, "Nocturne," Op. 19	Doppler.
For Violin, Flute, and Violoncello.	
BALLET MUSIC, "La Reine de Saba"	Gounod.
(*a*) Andante.	
(*b*) Allegretto.	
(*c*) Andante moderato.	
(*d*) Tempo di Valse.	
MORCEAUX, (*a*) "La Veillée de l'Ange Gardien"	Pierné.
(*b*) "Fly Minuet" from "Der Bajazzo"	Czibulka.

STRING ORCHESTRA.

SELECTIONS from "I Pagliacci"	Leoncavallo.
CANZONETTA, "Felice"	Langey.
CONCERT DUET, Fantasie on airs from "Faust"	Gounod Cavallini.
For Flute and Clarinet.	

MR. VAN SANTVOORD AND MR. STAATS.

MORCEAUX, (*a*) "Pizzicato"	Gillet.
(*b*) Marcietto, "A Petit Pas"	Sudessi.
VALSE, "Amorettentänze"	Gungl.
SELECTIONS from "Tannhäuser"	Wagner.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

On Tuesday, June 22, at two o'clock, the graduating exercises of the Class of '97 took place in the chapel. The confusion and unpleasantness of former years, arising from too large an audience, had been entirely done away with by reserving the seats and issuing no more entrance tickets than the chapel would hold.

At two o'clock the academic procession, headed by Dr. Mackenzie and Mrs. Durant, followed by Mrs. Irvine and the speaker of the day, Prof. Calvin Thomas, the trustees, and members of the Faculty, marched to the platform. The alumnæ were seated on the left-hand side of the chapel, while the graduating class, led by Miss Edna Patterson and Miss Ruth Goodwin, president and vice president of the senior class, took their accustomed seats in the central block. The exercises opened by the organ prelude, by Professor Hill: "Largo," by Händel; Cantilène Nuptiale, by Dubois; and "Andante con moto," by Calkin. Then came the reading of the Scripture in Latin, by the President, with responses from the class. Prayer was followed by Mendelssohn's motette, "Praise ye the Lord," by the College chorus.

The address given by Prof. Calvin Thomas, of Columbia College, was on "Our Need of Poetry." He said it was sad to realize that poetry, which formed so precious a part of our inheritance, should be looked upon with such a lack of seriousness to-day. Poetry is the avocation, not the vocation, of poets to-day; and though they may still be created, poetry is now not born but made. The two objections made against poetry, Professor Thomas proved invalid,—first that it was frivolous, and second that it was unscientific. The great function of poetry, he said, was to satisfy our needs. We need it for amusement, we need it for instruction, we need it for consolation, and, most of all, for joy.

Professor Thomas concluded with a short address to the graduating class. You are about to enter, he said, on a long course in the art of forgetting. Your stores of learning will soon be but inarticulate ghosts in the land of memory. Give up your Latin and Greek, if you choose, but do not give up the poets. In them you will always find the ministers of the joy of elevated thoughts.

A selection from Ritter, "A Wind came up out of the Sea," was then followed by the conferring of degrees. One hundred and forty-two B.A. degrees, four M.A. degrees, were given. There were also three graduates from the School of Music.

The Glee Club then sang "Sweet and Low," followed by the benediction and the organ postlude, Dr. Wareing's Festival March, by Professor Hill.

Commencement Dinner was served immediately afterward to the President's party, including Mrs. Durant, Miss Howard, first President of Wellesley, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, second President of Wellesley, the trustees, alumnæ, and the graduating class.

After the dinner Mrs. Irvine rose and asked for a few words from Dr. Mackenzie, after which Professor Thomas was called upon to answer the charge of coming to Wellesley on a missionary journey to the literature department. He answered by saying that the incidental evil of the address was not his object in coming, but to see for himself the results of the experiment of higher education.

Mrs. Palmer recalled a few memories of her graduating days at Michigan, and her first ones at Wellesley. Mrs. Cutler, of the Class of '84, spoke of her work at Northfield, and of the pleasant relationship between Northfield and Wellesley. Miss Coman, for the Faculty, spoke of the privilege she had just enjoyed of taking advantage of Professor Horsford's plan for the Sabbatical year abroad, and dwelt upon the wonderful loyalty of Wellesley alumnæ. Mrs. Irvine then announced '97's gift to the College, which was received with long-continued applause.

The Glee Club, stationed in the bay window behind the President's table, had sung several times through the speech-making, and now concluded the ceremony by the cheer.

The Reception in the evening was attended with the usual success.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall on Saturday, May 29, 1897. The following programme was then presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Grace Frazee.
II. Dramatic Representation. Love's Labor's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.
III. Comparison of the Character of Antony in Julius Cæsar and in Antony and Cleopatra, Mary Shoemaker.
IV. Cleopatra in Literature . . . . Louise T. Orton.
V. Dramatic Representation. Love's Labor's Lost, Act I., Scene 1.

On Friday, May 28, the Classical Society held its last programme meeting. It was a review of the past year's work on Classic Comedy.

Symposium.
News . . . . . Mary E. Pierce.
Greek War . . . . . Jessie G. Hall.
Discussion.
The Greek Comedy, early and late . . . Jane Finn.
The Latin Comedy, early and late . . Mary Galbraith.
Readings.
From Aristophanes: early comedy, "The Clouds;" late comedy, "Plutus" . . Grace Linscott.
From Latin Comedy: early, Plautus, "Menachius;" late, Terence, "The Mother-in-law" . . . . . .

On June 7 the Society received the consent of the council to change its name to Society Alpha Kappa Chi.

On June 12 the Society gave a dance in the barn to its friends.

On June 14 the Society had an initiation meeting. Emma Watt, '98, and Louise M. Sturtevant, '99, were received into the Society.

On Monday, the 21st, the Society gave a tea to the alumnæ who were back. Florence Davis, '94, Grace Albec, '94, Lillian Quinby, '94, and Margaret Simmons, '95, were present.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held June 12. The following officers were installed: Frances Hoyt, President; Virginia Schoonover, Vice President; Freda Moore, Recording Secretary; Alice Childs, Corresponding Secretary; Eliza Craig, Treasurer; Florence Breed and Edith Tewksbury, Marshals. The following members were initiated into the Society: Margaret Arnold, '98, Helen Cady, '99, Luna Converse. Miss Thomas, '97, was present at the meeting.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

A most successful drill was recently given by the athletic classes of the Y. W. C. A. of Minneapolis, Minn., under the direction of Abbie S. Mayhew, formerly of '85.

Katharine Payne Jones, '85, will lecture the first semester of next year on History of Florentine Painting in the XIV. and XV. Centuries.

Susan Wade Peabody, '86, has been studying Economics during the winter and spring at the University of Chicago.

The engagement of Edith James, '89, of Seattle, is announced.

Isabelle Stone, '89, is to take the degree of Doctor of Physics at the University of Chicago in July.

Maryette Goodwin Mackey, '89, has been spending the winter at Battle Creek and Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Eleanor Gamble, '89, who has had the psychology fellowship at Cornell during the past year, is the proud possessor of an instrument for measuring smells, recently imported for her special use. It is the only one of its kind in America.

Mrs. Caroline Williamson Montgomery, '89, and Lillian V. Pike, '92, have been made directors of the Chicago Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Ethel Glover, '90, who has been studying at the University of Chicago during the past three years, will write her thesis in Washington, continuing her reading at the Congressional Library.

At a meeting of the New York Library Association, held May 14 and 15 at Rochester, Miss Myrtilla Avery, '91, of the New York State Library, gave a paper on "Study Clubs and Reading Circles in their Relation to Public Libraries."

Katherine Florence Gleason, '91, has just received the degree of Master of Arts, from the University of California, for advanced work in English. Her thesis was entitled, "Browning's Dramatic Art." Miss Gleason's present address is 2125 Blake Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Maria Baldwin, '91, has been spending a few days at the College.

The address of Mrs. Evarts Ewing Munn, formerly '91, is changed from Benicia Arsenal, Cal., to Fort Logan, Colo. (near Denver).

Pauletta Guffey, '92, is to be principal next year of a private school in Alleghany, Pa.

Emma Lenore MacAlarney, '92, is instructor in English Literature and English Composition in the High School at Harrisburg, Pa.

Martha McCaulley, '92, is to be assistant in the English department next year.

Ermina Ferris, '92, received this spring the degree of Master of Arts in English at Stanford University, Cal. The subject of her thesis was, "A Comparative Study of Some Grail Romances." Caroline Frear, '93, received the same degree in Education at that university. Her thesis was entitled, "Punishment: An Historical, Sociological and Pedagogical Study."

Emily Foley, '93, has been teaching Rhetoric, English Literature, and History this winter in Miss Ely's school, Clifton, Ohio.

Grace Blodgett, '93, is acting principal of the High School in Templeton, Mass. She teaches Mathematics and the Sciences.

Virginia Corbin, '94, graduates this month from the New York State Normal College. Her permanent address has been changed from East McDonough to Oxford, N. Y.

Gertrude Angell and Helen Drake, both of '94, will spend the summer together abroad.

Mary Miller, formerly '96, spent the month of May in Chicago with Julia Lyman, '96, and May Pitkin, '95.

Elva Coulter, '94, has been teaching the past year in the High School at Southington, Conn.

Harriet Blake, '94, and Mabel Wellman, '95, spent Sunday, June 13, at the College.

Susie E. Goddard, '95, is teaching History and Greek in the High School at Wakefield, Mass.

May Kellogg, '96, is teaching in the Fern Street Grammar School of Pittsfield, Mass.

Lillian S. Swett, '96, has obtained the position of proof reader for the Republican Press Association of Concord, N. H.

Among the alumnæ who were back for Tree Day, or Float, were Helen Foss, Marion Canfield, and Caroline Randolph, '94, May Cannon, '95, Belinda Bogardus, Agnes Caldwell, Constance Emerson, Louise McNair, Cornelia Park, Joanna Parker, Carlotta Swett, all of '96.

The following alumnæ took the degree of M.A. this year: Ellen A. Vinton, '84, Susan W. Child, '90, Martha G. McCaulley, '92, Josephine Thorpe, '95.

The annual meeting of the College Settlement Association was held at 95 Rivington Street, New York, May 8. The result of the election was as follows: President, Mrs. Caroline Williamson Montgomery, W., '89; Vice President, Miss Vida Dutton Scudder, S., '84; Secretary, Miss Susan G. Walker, B. M., '93; Treasurer, Miss Cornelia Warren, non-col.; fifth member, Mrs. Jean Fine Spahr, S., '84.

NEWS FROM DENISON HOUSE.

Miss Scudder is spending the closing weeks of the college term at Denison House.

The Wellesley Glee and Banjo Clubs, as well as several groups of students, have entertained on Thursday evenings at the Settlement this year.

The regular engagement for one Thursday evening in the month seems to be a most satisfactory way of bringing together the College girls and Settlement workers and neighbors.

The closing meetings of the clubs and classes will take place early in June. Miss Lane, of '89, Miss Edith Sawyer, Sp., Miss Stanwood, of '94, Miss Sherwin, of '90, have formed the Wellesley constituency of our corps of teachers this year. Miss Lane has continued her class in English during its second year, and the work done has been highly successful. As always, the permanency in Settlement work contributes largely to its value. Miss Sherwin will resume the work with her class of Russian girls next fall.

The final meeting and entertainment for two of the young girls' clubs was held Wednesday evening. A Butterfly Party, under the direction of Mrs. J. T. Prince, '91–93, was the principal feature of the evening.

The Kindergarten Club, consisting of fifteen children meeting for kindergarten games Saturday afternoons, has recently enjoyed two outings at Franklin Park. Miss Keene, '95, and Miss Rousmanier, have been sharing the duties and responsibilities of leadership of this Club.

Miss Sherwin and her class of Russian girls enjoyed a Sunday afternoon at Freeman Cottage a few weeks ago.

Miss Fiske, '92, has been giving one afternoon a week to Settlement work for several months past.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club, April 24, the following officers were elected: president, Miss Ada Belfield, '95; vice president, Mrs. Caroline Williamson Montgomery, '89; secretary, Miss Christine Caryl, '94; treasurer, Miss Theresa Newburger; executive committee, Mrs. Caroline Williamson Montgomery, chairman, Miss Ada Belfield, *ex officio*, Miss Julia Lyman, Miss Elizabeth Morse, Mrs. C. A. Weare. The meeting was followed by an informal reception, at which the Wellesley girls now attending the University acted as hostesses. Among those entertaining were Miss Talbot, Miss Susan Peabody, '86, Miss Ethel Glover, '90, Miss Dora Wells, '84, Miss Antoinette Cary, and Miss May Cook, '89.

The Worcester Wellesley Club gave a reception to the college women of their city on Friday afternoon, the seventh of May. About one hundred and fifty were present. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was the guest of honor,

and gave a very delightful talk on the subject of "Foreign Universities." The colleges represented were Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Swarthmore, Granville, and Wellesley, and Colby, Cornell, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Boston Universities. An impromptu Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles, special, rendered several appropriate college songs and cheers. Among the Wellesley guests were Miss Flora Hall, '91, and Miss Marion Bradbury, '93.

At the annual meeting of Western Wellesley Association held in September, 1896, it was voted that a committee be appointed by the chair to confer with a committee from the Chicago Wellesley Club, to consider the advisability of uniting the two organizations. The chief reason for doing this was that the members of the Western Wellesley Association then present felt the Association had outlived its usefulness. Five hundred notices had been sent out and only fifty responses were received. The two committees met, and after much discussion it was decided to disband the Western Wellesley Association; and the Chicago Wellesley Club added the following article to their constitution: "Any member of the Western Wellesley Association who desires to become a regular member of the Club may do so by paying the annual fee. Any member of the Western Wellesley Association who desires to become an associate member of the Club may do so by informing the secretary to that effect. Her name will then be placed upon the list of associate members, and she will receive an invitation to the annual banquet." It is hoped by the officers of the Western Wellesley Association that all who were interested in the Association will feel that the disbandment was brought about by its own action, and not by that of the Chicago Wellesley Club.

MARRIAGES.

Parsons–Brush.—In New Haven, Conn., May 18, 1897, Miss Bertha De Forest Brush, formerly '93, to Rev. Edward Lambe Parsons.

Adams–Parkes.—In Rochester, N. Y., May 14, 1897, Miss Evelyn Emma Parkes, '92, to Rev. Floyd Holden Adams. At home, after June 25, at 25 Jackson Street, Palmyra, N. Y.

NORTON–RUSSELL.—In Wellesley, Mass., June 16, 1897, Miss Mary R. Russell, '94, to Mr. Fred Norton, graduate of Amherst College and of Boston University Law School.

BRANN–NUTTER.—In Bangor, Me., June 9, 1897, Miss Grace Nutter, '96, to Mr. Ralph Mahlon Brann. At home, after November 1, at 1153 Race Street, Denver, Col.

SCOTT–DOWNING.—In Aurora, Ill., April 21, 1897, Miss Alice May Downing, formerly '96, to Mr. Robert Bruce Scott. At home, after June 1, at 148 Pennsylvania Avenue, Aurora, Ill.

SNOW–NORTHROP.—In Roxbury, Mass., May 19, 1897, Miss Alice Northrop, special, '84–85, to Charles Henry Snow, Dean of the Engineering School of New York University.

CARDWELL–PARKER.—In Worcester, Mass., June 10, 1897, Miss Grace N. Parker, special, '86–87, to Dr. John C. Cardwell, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOLTON–STANWOOD.—In Brookline, Mass., June 23, 1897, Miss Ethel Stanwood, '94, to Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, Librarian of the Brookline Public Library. At home, after November 6, at 118 Davis Avenue, Brookline.

BIRTHS.

April 19, 1897, in Lawrenceville, N. J., a daughter, Carolyn Elizabeth, to Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, '87.

April 23, 1897, a daughter to Mrs. Anne Barrett Hughes, '86.

DEATHS.

In Newton, Mass., May 16, 1896, Miss Agnes Hallock, special, '78.

In Ashland, Ky., April 5, 1897, Mrs. Louise Sheldon Adams, '92.

In Saint Joseph, Miss., May 27, 1897, Mr. Frank T. Rhoades, father of Edith Moss Rhoades, '96.

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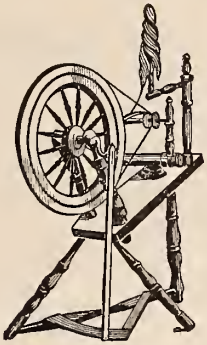

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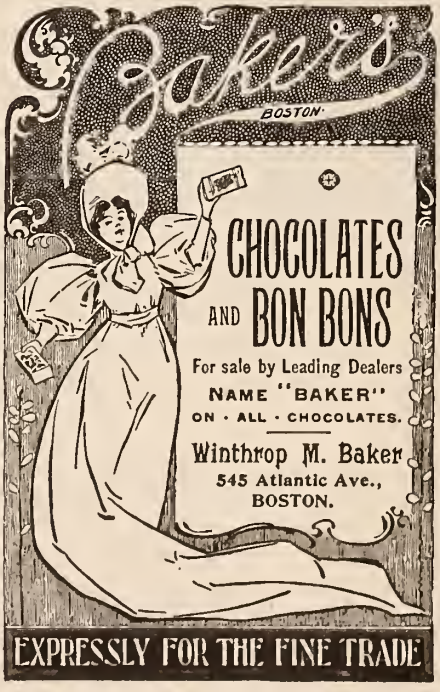

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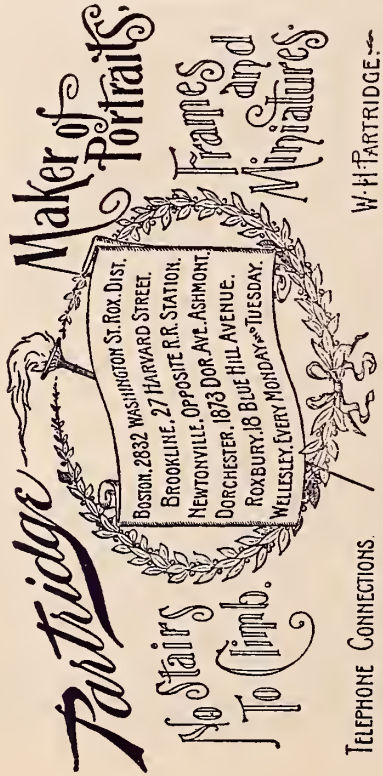

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